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**"SCENES THAT ARE BRIGHTEST."**

I sat beneath the waving boughs,  
The stars beamed brightly o'er my head,  
And then I thought of her—my love,  
So bright, so fair, now cold and dead.

Her soft blue eyes, her silken hair,  
The tender, loving, gentle smile;  
The heart that beat for me alone,  
A stranger to deceit and guile.

And then I whistled o'er the strain,  
And looked into the sunny past,  
Those halcyon days of love and youth,  
Too beautiful, indeed, to last.

I saw her face, I heard her voice,  
As, in those happy days gone by,  
We journeyed onward hand in hand,  
My winsome, blue-eyed love and I.

I whistled o'er the strain again,  
Then looked up to the starry skies,  
Where, sparkling on an azure ground,  
I thought I saw again her eyes.

I watched them twinkle, bright and clear,  
I watched the star I called my own—  
A dark cloud swept across the sky,  
And I was left, heart-sick, alone.

Ah! thus it was in other days,  
A dark cloud came across our life,  
And she, too good, too fair for earth,  
Was carried far away from strife.

PALETTA.

**BONAPARTE AND CHERUBINI.**—When Bonaparte was simply general, he frequently visited the Theatre Feydeau, being fond of the Opera. Being in the same box with the composer, during the performance of one of his pieces, he paid him several compliments during the course of the performance, but at the close of the Opera observed, "My dear Cherubini, you are certainly a man of great talent, but your music is so noisy and complicated that it quite confuses me." "My dear general," replied the composer, "you are certainly a soldier of great talent, but with regard to music, you will excuse me if I say, that your wishing me to write only such as pleases your ear, is a proof that you should say nothing about the matter." Napoleon never forgot this reply, and during the whole of his reign kept the composer as much as possible in the background.

Some hundred years ago or more, a set of unremarkable Lessons for the Harpsichord by Alberti, were published in London by an Italian named Jozzi, as his own compositions, at a subscription price of two guineas, and sold in the shops at five shillings. Thus did the aristocratic patrons of foreign nonentities reap the just reward of their neglect of deserving native artists, and lavishing favors on worthless foreign ones. Although matters have vastly improved in this respect, and such impositions would now rarely be attempted, it is fairly a moot point whether the preference for foreigners is not still carried to a ridiculous and unjustifiable extent, of which sterling English musicians have left on record their complaints.

**BADEN-BADEN.**—The Italian operatic season will commence on the 8th August, and conclude on the 14th September. The following operas will be given:—*Faust*, *Il Barbiere*, *Linda di Chamouni*, *Crispino e la Comare*, and *L'Elisir d'Amore*.

**MATTERS THEATRIC.**

It has been generally supposed that in these latter days the noble Irish drama was the only correct and legitimate vehicle for the proper showing up of the utter depravity of the British character. Americans rejoice! Clap your hands, and ignite your fire-crackers! This is not so. The delusion which has enthralled the great American public for years is done away with now and forever. Blessed be the name of De Walden! May future ages, yet unborn, learn to sing psalms to his memory. De Walden has effected this great revolution. De Walden has shown us the treacherous, pusillanimous and tyrannical Britisher in his true colors. With De Walden must rest the honor of having placed upon the stage the noblest monument of histrionic literature ever raised by mortal hands. De Walden, in point of fact, has written "British Neutrality."

"British Neutrality" is "a national nautical drama," in four acts and innumerable tableaux, the principal one of which is the "destruction of the British iron-clad, the 'Dodger,' by Farragut's Bos'en," which, in addition to being very sensational, is very funny.

The plot of "British Neutrality" is of the nautical, nautical. Reuben Graydon, (played with great good taste and judgment by Chas. R. Thorne, Jr.) a typical American sailor, is the hero. In addition to which, he is Farragut's bos'en, and a great favorite of the Admiral. Not satisfied with being all these, he is also the husband of his wife, (Miss Kate Newton.) The opening scene displays "Portland Promontory with distant view of the White Mountains," where we are made acquainted with Reuben's marriage and also of a plot, concocted by John Benjamin, Esq., (A. W. Fenno,) to admit the British iron-clad "Dodger" into the port for the purpose of destroying the town, murdering the inhabitants, robbing the banks; and indulging in all those other atrocities for which the British people are so notoriously famous. Reuben, by a lucky accident, discovers the plot, and proceeds to light the signal which is to alarm the neighboring posts. John Benjamin, Esq., gives him a drugged draught, however, which prevents him from executing the task, and Reuben sinks upon the ground overpowered by the opiate. British villainy is not yet triumphant. Nancy Crane, (Mrs. F. Williams,) a gushing and correspondingly screeching Yankee girl, oversees the whole affair, and with her own fair hands lights the signal, which is answered from the surrounding posts. This greatly incenses the dastardly Britishers, who one and all fire upon her, but being bad shots, fail to kill or in any way injure the heroic young woman.

We are next introduced to the deck of the British iron-clad, where we find Reuben,

Rose, (his wife,) Nancy, and a "fine broth of an Irishman," Pat Donnelly (J. M. Ward,) who have all been spirited on board by the dastardly Britishers, as aforesaid. The idea of this manoeuvre is to compel Reuben to pilot the "Dodger" into Portland Harbour. This, like a true-born American sailor, he indignantly refuses to do, but on the strength of numerous threats of violence to his wife, he at last consents. Instead of piloting the truculent villains into Portland Harbor, however, he runs the ship upon Alden's Rock, where she goes to pieces, and the majority of the crew are drowned. The principal characters of the play are saved, however, and we discover them in a very griefy condition, on the rock afore mentioned. Even here, in the very jaws of death, the natural instincts of the Britishers do not forsake them; as, upon a vessel coming in sight, they determine to murder Reuben and his friends; thus saving themselves from the danger of future exposure. As it is an historical fact, that any one American or any one Irishman, is equal to at least fifty Britishers, they are foiled in their wicked design and forced to sue for mercy. During the mêlée, the ship has changed her course, and is bearing away from them; besides, the tide is rising! Death stares the whole party in the face. The Britishers, naturally craven hearted, are much alarmed, and promise Reuben to protect his wife if he will swim to the ship and bring assistance. This he consents to do. Before departing on his perilous journey, however, he is forced to take a solemn oath that he will never betray them, (the Britishers as aforesaid). This also he does, and reaching the ship, returns with a boat, and rescues the whole party.

Here, again, we are shown the black ingratitude of the British character. No sooner are the uncompromising villains safe upon *terra firma* than they prefer a charge of treason against Reuben who, bound by his oath, is unable to say anything in his defence, and, after trial by a court martial, is condemned to be hanged. Matters certainly look very black at this stage of the proceedings. But the good fairy, in the person of Farragut, (C. Foster) arrives, learns the true state of affairs from Pat Donnelly, who it appears is a Government spy, causes the release of Reuben, the incarceration of the Britishers, and the curtain descends to a "Grand National Tableau," consisting of six musicians playing, in a very mild way upon brass instruments, Reuben having proved himself "True to the Core"—I beg the author's pardon, having proved the absurdity of "British Neutrality."

Taken altogether, "British Neutrality" is a noble and instructive drama. One that must always cause the American heart to palpitate with patriotic feelings, and instruct the American people to look with still greater